

BARON HAS LONG LIST OF WIVES, SAYS THE POLICE

Waldeck - Sofeld Latest Rival of Witzhof in Marrying Line.

THREE WIVES FOUND.

At Least Half Dozen Others Will Appear, According to Detectives on Case.

Baron August Frans Eugen von Waldeck-Sofeld was arrested to-day in a Brooklyn jewelry store, the Manhattan police saying they have found three of his wives and expect to find a half-dozen or so others. Besides the charge of bigamy made by a Newark woman who ranks herself as the first Baroness von Waldeck-Sofeld, the police say various other charges are expected to be made by business houses.

As a marrying man, the detectives say the Baron rivalled the missing naval chemist Witzhof. But unlike Witzhof there is no charge that he selected his matrimonial victims with a view to robbing them. Again, he only deserted them when he tired of their company and sought others, while Witzhof, like "Bluebeard" Johann Hoch, of Chicago, it is charged, killed them.

The arrest of the Baron was the result of a despatch published in The World on Aug. 29, from Lowell, Mass., stating that society had just learned of the marriage on July 19 in The Little Church Around the Corner, in New York, of the Baron August Frans Eugen von Waldeck-Sofeld and Miss Blanche Weston Jewett, a young society woman of Lowell, since her divorce from Dr. William P. Mallaber, in San Francisco, had been a member of the theatrical company producing "Nancy Brown."

That publication reached the eye of a Baroness von Waldeck-Sofeld, who lives with her parents at No. 718 Springfield avenue, Newark, and who before her becoming a baroness was Miss Catherine de Voss. She recalled that the Baron married her five years ago and disappeared a few weeks later.

Baroness No. 1 went on the trail, got a warrant and obtained police assistance. The police say that besides the actress, who is brokenly weeping, recent matrimonial acquisition, they have found others.

They have found a manœuvre who was lured into wedlock by the Baron's imposing name. Her name has not yet been made public, but the detectives say that it will be in a corrected list to be given out later.

The Baron was located in Brooklyn through the fact that he is an expert jeweler. The revenues from his ancestral estates having long since been in his pocket, the Baron was able to make a good living in jewelry stores. He worked, but only a few days in each place. A jeweler in Harlem has told the police that a few days after the Baron had been employed he was left in charge of the store. The jeweler said that the proprietor returned and found a sign on the door that the Baron had been taken ill suddenly and would return in ten minutes.

After waiting four hours the jeweler, who had left his keys with the Baron, and the door broken open. He told the police that at least \$4,000 of his stock was missing.

Charges of Theft, Too.

Detectives Oppenheim, Dowling and Lyons, who tracked the Baron, say they have a list of several stores where the Baron worked, and from each of which he suddenly disappeared. They say that later these jewellers reported large sections of their stocks as missing.

The sleuths got in touch with Miss Jewett, under whose name she is still listed in the theatrical company and by tracing letters to her. She said she found him in a jewelry store at No. 87 Fulton street, Brooklyn, to-day. He had been there since the day the police and the proprietor had been in the store all the time.

The sidewheel yacht Charming, owned by Charles G. Gates, vice-commander of the Columbia Yacht Club, was seriously damaged to-day off the Battery in collision with the big Merit-Chapman wrecking tug W. E. Chapman. Mr. Gates was not aboard.

The damaged yacht drifted across the river and anchored off Communipaw. John Kennedy, officer of the tug, said the tug was turned over to Capt. Halpin, of the fleet, and the tug was towed to the dock department, jumped from the end of Pier A with a line in his hand and struck out for the yacht, confident that she would turn over. Capt. Halpin, of the fleet, however, ordered the tug to anchor off Communipaw mud flats.

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RICH DRESS MANIA OF NEW YORK WOMEN

Grace George Says Luxuries of Life Are Necessities.

POOR MAN MUST HUSTLE

That Explains Increasing Triumph of Business Over the Home.



A FEW "CLOTHES" PINS. You hear a great deal in your world of the survival of the fittest. With us it's the survival of the best fitted.

We must have some means of distinguishing the sheep from the goats. Clothes label us—first-class, second-class and steerage.

I'd hesitate to give a dinner for an angel if he or she or it had shopworn wings or an old-fashioned harp.

The road to the "hot place" is paved with satin instead of good intentions, and it's mighty slippery material.

"And to think that I used to talk against clothes in prayer-meeting!"

"So did live in the Garden of Eden, but she came to them all the same."

Frocks are our topic of conversation—our reason for sacrifice—our object in life.

"You're engaged again, of course?"

"Yes, and I owe it all to you."

"You owe it all to the dressmakers?"

"How do you like my dress?"

"That's the most beautiful thing I've ever seen!"

"That's what a gown can do!"

"I think I've outgrown clothes—oh, you know what I mean—outgrown the tyranny of them—the slavery of them—the folly of judging and being judged by them."

BY GRACE GEORGE, Who Is Appearing in "Clothes" at the Manhattan Theatre.

DRESS is one of the two vital problems of life in America. The other problem is the constantly increasing triumph of business over the home. Inasmuch as woman's mania for clothes is largely responsible for man's mania for business, the two problems must almost be called one. Money sits enthroned in our country, and dress is the power behind the throne.

What one of the authors of this play, Mr. Pollock, in a recent magazine article called "money mania" seems to me to be largely the fault of my own sex. I think honestly that the average man whose wife accuses him of spending too much time in his office would cheerfully resign half of the grind that takes from his health and happiness if it were possible to do so and still pay bills. I believe that the average man has a very normal longing for the simple life; that's normal woman who finds the luxuries of existence its necessities, and high among these luxuries must be placed clothes.

The cost of wearing apparel in this country long ago passed the point at which the most enthusiastic dresser could afford to do so. A single gown, and feel impoverished if her wardrobe contains fewer than thirty or forty; when boots cost \$15 a pair, when a modest equipment of lingerie may run into the thousands, and hats are purchased at from fifty to one hundred dollars each, it may be seen readily that the man who works for a living must do some tail hunting or go into bankruptcy.

I do not blame the unlucky members of my sex for this extravagance. It isn't their fault that they must put into a single dress enough money to have equipped an entire middle-class family in affluence a whole month. The conditions by which women are surrounded in these days make just that kind of foolishness necessary. "It isn't you men we dress for," Olivia Sherwood says in the first act of "Clothes." "It's women." This is quite true. The average man rarely notices what a woman wears so long as she looks neat and pretty. It is other women who are the fashion-able reception," says Olivia, "in a frock that has seen its best days, and how your dearest friends will smile demurely and sneer politely, and burn little acid spots right through your poor dress into the shining flesh."

The woman who wants to keep up with her set, and in with her class—and surely no woman can be blamed

MURPHY TAKES TO WATER AND LOSES 20 POUNDS

Takes a Swim Every Day In the Water Down at Good Ground.

HE LIKES ROWING ALSO.

Plays Golf, Takes Long Walks and Auto Rides and Works in His Garden.

Tammany Leader Charles F. Murphy believes in the efficacy of physical culture whether the school of police keeps or not. Since his initial summer bath in the surf Murphy has taken off weight until he is comparatively sylph-like. His eyes are bright, and the sun spots on his face and hands are only indications of what may be seen when the Tammany leader is rigged in abbreviated bathing clothes.

Murphy has been undergoing a system of rigorous training, broiling on the sands, basting in the sea, and the beautiful bay which washes the shore of his Good Ground estate, riding, driving, automobile, rowing, playing ball, and so on.

While politics in Tammany have been stalling and the political future of the Chief remained in the balance, according to some, he has been allowing the care of the organization to fall from his shoulders as easily as the dripping of the water when he emerges from his swim in the surf.

He Does Not Worry.

"But don't the upset affairs in Tammany worry you?" the leader was asked to-day by an Evening World reporter.

"I don't see why a man who is acting honestly by his fellow man allows anything to worry him," answered the Tammany leader. "Every one of my friends are complimenting me upon my good physical appearance, and I tell them that I feel as happy as I look."

"Happy because of political signs?" was asked.

"Political signs are all right, and they with other things make me feel happy. But you said there was to be no political talk in our conversation. You want to know what I do every day—my daily routine of life. Well, that is easy. Go ahead."

"Do you like the water?"

"I practically live in the water—at least, I am privileged to be at the water out at Good Ground. The water is fine; I love it. I swim and dive and fetch and rough-and-tumble it and get a lot of fun while in my bathing suit."

"Every day?"

"Every day that the weather is fine and I am privileged to be at the country place. Now that the primary elections are approaching I feel that I am required to be at Tammany Hall five days in the week; otherwise I would cut out Friday and be having fun and getting exercise."

Rows Around the Bay.

"Besides, swimming what sort of exercise do you indulge in?"

"Well, I like to grab a pair of oars and row around the bay, togged in the bathing suit. I get the benefit of the air and the exercise, and then I take the plunge. I find a great deal of sport, good healthy sport, in playing ball."

"I also do considerable driving and occasionally take a spin through the country in the automobile. My car seldom goes by my automobile, my boat, my horses or my launch."

"The roads on Long Island are fine for automobile sport, in playing ball."

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"Boss" Murphy Takes Off 20 Pounds Weight by Careful Daily Training.



ELPERS IN AUTO GO AT A FLYING CLIP TO PARSON

Chauffeur a Witness at Up-to-Date Runaway Wedding.

(Special to The Evening World) WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Sept. 15.—Miss Lola M. Waite, a pretty blonde eighteen-year-old, and the daughter of Contractor and Mrs. E. E. Waite, of Barker avenue, and Kenneth Groser, son of Samuel Groser, of Church street, were the principals in an up-to-date elopement here.

They sped away in a forty-horse power Mercedes car from an appointed place of meeting last night and an hour later had been married by the Rev. Dr. Bartholomew, a Mount Vernon Methodist minister, at his parsonage. Then they sent this telegram to Mr. Waite:

"Lola and I were married to-night. Have gone to Saratoga on wedding tour. (Signed) KENNETH."

A similar message was sent to Mrs. Waite, who is at the Jackson Health resort, Danville, N. Y.

The elopement was carefully planned. Miss Waite left her home ostensibly to visit a friend, having previously secretly carried her suit case from the house. She met her lover, who had the auto ready at a restaurant on Mamoreneck avenue, where, with Charles N. Lyons, who acted as best man, Clifton Horton and Chauffeur Hawley Turner, who witnessed the marriage, they had a pre-nuptial tea.

Chauffeur Turner sent the machine along at its best on the way to Mount Vernon, where the party was joined by Miss Grace Cooley, formerly of this town, who acted as the bridesmaid.

Miss Waite was attired in a wedding gown of green with a black picture hat. No similar event has stirred White Plains more, mainly because the popular larity of the young couple, who had been sweethearts since childhood.

The elopement is said to have been agreed on because Mr. Waite refused his consent to the marriage owing to the fact that he considered Miss Lola, who is eighteen, too young to wed.

The bridegroom, who is twenty-one, is with a New York banking firm, holding a responsible position, and fathered a wealthy resident of White Plains.

Criss disappeared to Roosevelt Hotel.

Woman in Black Appears.

Tenants in the building saw a woman dressed in black and heavily veiled enter the vestibule last night, climb the stairs without asking any questions and disappear on the third floor. She was a stranger to all who saw her.

At 10 o'clock a woman came down the stairs leaving the building. Within half an hour after her departure Spier informed friends that he was expected back next week.

Spier visited his flat at irregular intervals. The apartment was cared for by the janitor, Joseph Craig, to whom Spier often spoke of the loneliness of living alone. Yesterday morning Spier informed friends that he was expected back next week.

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TWO BABES DEAD, MOTHER DYING IN FIRE HORROR

Babe's Cry Heard Too Late by Firemen in Burning Tenement.

1 DEAD IN AMBULANCE

Other Child Succumbed Later to Injuries—No Hope for Mother.

Mrs. Mary Peterson, of No. 50 York street, Jersey City, is dying, and her two children are dead, following a fire in their home early to-day, when the little ones, took them in her arms and crawled under a bed in her burning home.

Mrs. Peterson, who is thirty-five years old, lived with her husband, John Peterson, five, and her baby, Edward, seven months ago. The fire started when the husband and father was away from home. When the mother discovered the flames she began screaming. The first she knew that the house was on fire was when a lamp which had been left burning at the hallway exploded. The burning was so rapid that the apartment was completely destroyed in a few minutes.

Other tenants in the apartment-house were awakened by the flames. Some of them tried to escape, but they were too late.

"Where are the Petersons?" The firemen, led by James Murray, of Truck Company No. 5, John O'Rourke, of the same company, and John Lynch, of Engine Company No. 1, fought their way through the flames and smoke to the Peterson apartment. The firemen searched through the rooms and no where could the mother or children be found.

Then came the groanings of the mother and her two children, and the firemen found them under the bed. The older boy was so badly burned that he died at the firemen lifted him down the ladder. On the way to the hospital as he lay beside his unconscious mother the baby died.

At the hospital it was said that the mother had no chance to recover.

AMUSEMENTS.

Empire JOHN DREW IN A W. FINER'S HIS HOUSE IN ORE.

CRITERION THEATRE, 410 N. 4th St. JAMES WILLIAMS, Little Cherub. Hattie Blakely, Tom Wise & Co. others.

HUDSON THEATRE, 410 N. 4th St. JAMES WILLIAMS, Little Cherub. Hattie Blakely, Tom Wise & Co. others.

THE HYPOCRITES. SAVOY THEATRE, 34th St. & W. 4th St. "A Tale of Two Cities" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

LYCEUM 410 N. 4th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

GARRICK THEATRE, 34th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

WM. H. CRANE, 34th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

KRICKBOCKER THEATRE, 34th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

FRITZI SCHEFF, 34th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

KEITH & PROCTOR'S. UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, 34th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

AMERICAN THEATRE, 34th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

ROBT. HILLIARD & CO. ENTIRE CHANGE OF BILL.

NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, 420 N. 4th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

HARRY BULGER, 420 N. 4th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

LIBERTY THEATRE, 420 N. 4th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

ELLIS JEFFREYS, 420 N. 4th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

DAILY'S. NEW YORK THEATRE, 420 N. 4th St. & W. 4th St. "The Lion and the Mouse" by Charles D. Johnson. World's Best Stunt Lads.

NEW ROGERS BROTHERS IN IRELAND.

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